THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

STILL STRIVING FORWARD.

Still striving forward, let us laud
  Our avocation with our deed—
  Not perfect words, but actions plead
Of good intents to man and God!—

Remembering, while the dollar flames,
  And ever up the nightly skies
  The calm and patient stars arise—
To look above with loftier aims;

Remembering, when we fear to move,
  Our way is safe to onward tread—
Behind us quake the sands we dread—
The rock is firm we shrink to prove;

Remembering, in sore need and pain,
  The struggle is the victory—
  For none that struggles to be free
Deals any lightest blow in vain!

—W. D. Howells.

THE PACIFIC

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WHAT RELATION DO THE DEPARTED SUSTAIN TO THE LOVED ONES ON EARTH?

In the prayer at a recent service in memory of one who had passed into the higher life was a petition that, if possible, it might be given to the departed one to be helpful to those whom he had left behind, and that it might be given to them to have at times a feeling of his nearness and helpfulness.

It was the expression of a desire that has welled up in countless hearts and that is still welling up in hearts all around the world.

Is there good reason for belief that such ministries are possible and that they are actually given? And, is there any nearness?

The poets, to many of whom it seems that power has been given to discern things hidden from the average mind, have always so believed and taught. Tennyson, writing of his beloved friend Arthur Hallam, exclaimed:

> "Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
> I have thee still and I rejoice;
> I prosper circled with thy voice;
> I shall not lose thee, though I die!"

And Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote:

> "Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,
> Sweet helping hands are stirred,
> And palpitates the veil between,
> With breathings almost heard.
>
> "So thin, so soft, so sweet they glide,
> So near to press they seem
> They lull us gently to our rest,
> They melt into our dream."

Lyman Abbott says of this testimony: "The dream of poets that our unseen friends are friends still and minister to us in services which we but dimly recognize, in counsels which strangely guide us, though we know not whence they come, is more than a dream. Poets also see. Their witness to the invisible realities is not to be discarded. Their prophesying we are not to despise."

After the one who had been the loving companion of the Rev. S. M. Freeland of Seattle for nearly half a century had gone from him into the unseen a few years ago he said to the present writer that it often seemed that she was near to him and that thoughts flashed from her mind to his, as often in the days of their close companionship on earth.

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, for so long the far-famed City Temple preacher, in London, said once in one of his sermons: "Who shall say that the departed never speak to us? What is speaking? Which is the true ear, the ear of the body or the ear of the soul? Who knows what voices sweep through the soul and what tender fingers touch the heart-strings of the life?" The Sunday morning in 1899 after his wife had gone from him he entered the pulpit and preached one of his finest and most powerful sermons. Just before the singing of the closing doxology he remarked: "I asked God, though I had not prayed for several days, to send her to be near me this morning that I might get through this service without a quaver or a tear. That prayer has been happily realized."

His biographer the Rev. Dr. Adamson, says that Dr. Parker's experience caused him to counsel a bereaved husband to pray to his wife. "Why not?" asked Dr. Parker. "I pray to mine every day. I never come to my work without asking her to come with me, and help me in the strength of God's grace to do it. And she does come." And the biographer asks, "Who knows whether departed ones may not be among the angels who are sent forth as ministering servants to attend to the heirs of salvation?"

Patterson Smyth, a writer of note, expresses the belief that "amongst the most precious prayers before the golden altar are the mother's prayers for the boy who is left behind on earth."

Going back to the early church fathers we find Origen saying: "All the souls who have departed this life are still retaining their love for those who are in the world, concern themselves for their salvation and aid them by their prayers and meditations with God. It is written, in the Book of Maccabees, 'This is Jeremiah the prophet who always prays for the people.'" And St. Cyprian said to his friend Cornelius: "Let us be mutually mindful of each other. . . . Whichever of us goes hence before the other by the speed of the divine favor, let our affection continue before the Lord; let not prayer for our brothers and sisters cease before the mercy of the Father."

St. Gregory Nazianzen said in the funeral sermon of St. Basil: "He still prays for the people." And St. Jerome remarked to a friend about to depart: "There too you will pray for me who spurred you on to victory."

The Rev. Dr. James M. Campbell, one of our Southern California pastors, says in his recent book, "Grow Old Along With Me," that many are emboldened to believe that death does not divide those who are united in heart. And he regards it as not improbable that to age there is often given a vision of the other world such as is not vouchsafed to youth.

Phillips Brooks once said: "The life which we are living now is more aware than we know of the life which is to come;" and he added in that connection: "Death which separates the two, is not, as it has been so often pictured, like a great thick wall. It is rather like a soft and yielding curtain, through which we can not see, but which is always waving and trembling with the impulses that come out of the life which lies upon the other side of it."

Margaret Sangster has expressed in poetry her thought that those who have passed from our vision are not far removed and necessarily disconnected from us:

"And often it is clear to me
That here and there and not apart,
That somehow God's whole family
Have scarce the throbbing of one heart
To separate them; just a breath—
The shadowy, thin, soft veil of death."

The late Dr. I. K. Funk, a theologian of prominence, once asked: "Why is the belief necessarily absurd that there are belonging to the earth and revolving with it plateaus upon plateaus of finer and still finer vibrations, the higher usually invisible to the lower, and that the lowest and coarsest is the ground under our feet and the great oceans of water around us?"

And no one can read the following by Longfellow without wondering whether there was not in him as much of the seer as of the poet—indeed, whether the poet is not a real seer:

"The spirit world around this world of sense
Floats like an atmosphere; and everywhere
Wafts through these earthly mists and vapors dense
A vital breath of more ethereal air."

The Rev. Dr. Minot W. Savage, author of a book entitled, "Life Beyond Death," writes: "It is perfectly well known that our senses are very strictly limited. There are vibrations both too slow and too rapid to produce the sense of sound in ears constructed like our own. So there are vibrations both too slow and to fast to produce the sense of vision on such eyes as those with which we are endowed. It is then only a very small part of the actual natural universe which we either see or hear."

Sir Oliver Lodge, one of the most eminent of present-day scientists, says that "a whole world may exist beyond our senses, may exist even in space and close to us for all we can tell."

Accordingly the words of Milton may be true:

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

One of our present day poets has said:

"I tell you we are fooled by the eye and ear.
These organs muffle us from the real world."

In the appearance of Jesus on the earth between the time of the crucifixion and the ascension we have evidence of this nearness in invisibleness. Part of the time during those forty days he was visible to the disciples; part of the time invisible. And the body in which he manifested himself then was one which defied all the laws of matter theretofore observed by him and known to the disciples. At different times he stood indoors in the presence of those disciples without any doors opening to let him in. So runs the scripture story. And when finally he went back to the Father it was simply by a going out beyond their scope of vision into the circumambient air.

On the Mount of Transfiguration the thin veil intervening between this life and the other life was lifted and three of the disciples saw and heard their beloved Master in converse with Moses and Elijah long gone into the spirit world.

In the Epistle to the Hebrews there is named a long list of heroes of the faith who had entered into their reward, and the wherefore is, seeing we are encompassed about by so great a crowd of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight and run with patience the race that is set before us. According to Westcott and other commentators it is impossible to exclude here the thought of spectators in a great amphitheater, watching a race; and the amphitheater is the heavenly one, and the spectators are the faithful departed, our loved ones, who,

With outheld hands and welcoming speech
Wait for us thousands of miles
This side of out-of-reach.

It is said concerning Dr. John Watson, the Ian McLaren of literature, that he made a tryst with his mother when she was dying to meet her at a certain hour each day and commune and speak with her, and that he kept that tryst sacredly throughout his life.

James Buckham, a brother of Professor Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary, has written:

"On the other side of the stream
That steals by this earthly shore,
I know that our loved ones love us still,
Just as they loved of yore.

They carry us in their thoughts;
They speak of us when they meet,
And ever and ever the troth of old
Bides with them warm and sweet."

And the thought and counsel of the poem is that we should not put them so far away, should not hide them so deep with God as soon as they are under the sod; that they do not fly away to a foreign land, and that we should draw to them closer there, as of old time hand in hand.

Life here and life hereafter is in the Father's house of many rooms, and what we call death simply gives entrance into another room.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The Boston Transcript says that arrangements are being made for the biggest gathering ever on the Pacific Coast, at the International Christian Endeavor convention in Los Angeles next year.

One of the leading San Francisco daily papers says that in the next three years San Francisco will lay the foundations for a city of a million inhabitants, which will be a reality inside of ten years.

Under the initiative law a woman suffrage amendment will be voted on in Arizona in November. The last legislature defeated a bill to that end although the governor tried to get it through. The women of Arizona have done well in that they have secured the required number of petitioners in three months time, the state being a large one and thinly settled.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith of Seattle writes that every word which comes to Seattle concerning the Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown who has accepted the call to Pilgrom Church is of highest praise, and he feels confident that he will fill a large place on the Pacific Coast and will fill it helpfully to everybody concerned. Great regret is expressed by his fellow ministers in and about Hartford in that he is to leave the East.

Dr. John McCoy, an ex-major and surgeon of the United States army writes as follows in the St. Louis Christian Advocate of Pasadena: "There are more wealthy, educated and refined people in this little city than in almost any other small city in the United States, or in the world. There are said to be as many as eighty people, in Pasadena, worth at least a million dollars each. There are no saloons, no gambling or sporting houses, and good women live on all the streets. The people boast of more than fifty churches, or places of worship, and all of these are thronged with worshipers on the Sabbath day. Fine church houses abound, and a number of pastors are well paid for their services."

The California Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ has petitioned the general conference to assign Bishop Bell to the Pacific Coast again. They are well satisfied with him; and so are the people of all other denominations who have come to know him. He is a great force for righteousness. President Drury of Philomath College, Oregon, says that his masterful sermon and address at the recent session of the California Conference made a profound impression, and that during his eight years of service on the coast his ability as a preacher and leader has been vastly augmented by his characteristic courage and optimism. The Pacific believes that it voices the wish of all Congregationalists who know Dr. Bell when it expresses the hope that the United Brethren will keep him as Pacific Coast Bishop all the working days of his life.

The Buddhist temple in Seattle is the only one in this country which possesses an image of Buddha. Their absence from other temples is explained by the priest in charge at Seattle by the statement that they will not have an image that is not genuine and centuries old, and that they are unable to get the consent of the government for the procuring and bringing such to a foreign land. Other Japanese Buddhist priests explain the lack by saying that, inasmuch as these images are idols, it is out of respect to this as a Christian country that they are not brought over. In a niche in an alcove of the temple in Seattle, carefully wrapped in silk, reposes the one statue of Buddha that has been brought to this country. The idol is of bronze, is about seven inches in height, and represents Buddha with his left hand and arm raised toward the sky—the link, according to Japanese thought, between earth and heaven.

A missionary at Nome, Alaska, says that he was caught in a blizzard last winter many miles out from the city, missed the trail, became bewildered and lost. Then he trusted to his dog team which, after hours of roaming on the tundea, brought him finally to a place of refuge. The Alaskan dog, according to this writer, is not very far away from his wolf ancestry. Indeed, the natives breed their dogs with wolves in order to secure a strain of toughness and durability. The Eskimo dog has a woolly coat to protect him from the intense cold of the winter. His feet are hard, and he can travel a great distance over ice and snow without becoming footsore. Dogs from the States are called "outside dogs," and until they become acclimated and adapted to the country a short winter journey will injure their feet until they leave a trail of blood. But such a misfortune seldom befalls the native dog. He knows how to protect himself in cold weather by digging a hole in the snow and getting into it and away from the cutting blasts of the Northland. In the severest weather he will lie down in a curled position on the crusted snow and sleep as soundly as a highbred dog in the warmest kennel.

Men of affairs, whose judgment ought to be somewhat accurate, are predicting that the opening of the Panama Canal will usher in the beginning of great changes on the Pacific Coast, and especially in California. Colonel Weinstock, a regent of the University of California and a man of large business interests, said in an address last week: "The canal will make the Pacific Coast the great industrial center not only of the Pacific communities, but of the nation. The cost of transportation of commodities from New York to San Francisco by way of the canal will be less than the corresponding cost at present from New York to Pittsburg. The tremendous industrial development of the Eastern States has been due in the greater measure to this cheapness of inter-transportation, to which, by virtue of the Panama canal, the Pacific Coast is now to fall heir." Colonel Weinstock remarked further: "The Pacific Coast is the world's most desirable living place. Climate, resources and low cost of living combine to make this true. Now with the lowered cost of transportation incident to the completion of the caanl, the invitation will go forth more strongly than ever to myriads of men and women of the older civilization to come direct to this coast. California alone can support the whole population of England in addition to her own, better than it is supported now."

Vancouver, British Columbia, is one of the Pacific Coast cities expecting to profit greatly by the Panama Canal. Among the things that will seek European markets then by way of Vancouver is the wheat of the vast plains of Alberta. There is a probability that the entire trade of Alberta, with not a little from Saskatchewan, imports and exports alike, will be transacted through Vancouver and Prince Rupert when the canal is opened. The belief that Alberta will export westward via Vancouver, after Panama Canal completion, stands securely on the facts that grain rates from Alberta hither, via Canadian Pacific Railway, have averaged 22½ cents per 100 lbs., and ocean freight from Vancouver to Liverpool averaged the same, 22½ cents; total, Alberta, to Liverpool, 45 cents. At the same time rates from Alberta points to Fort William on Lake Superior, averaged 25 cents; from Fort William to Atlantic ports in Canada, 25 cents; thence to Liverpool 6 cents; total 56 cents. Says L. P. Strong, general manager of Alberta Elevator Company, Calgary: "When the Panama Canal shall be completed, the distance between Vancouver and Liverpool will be cut in half, and there will then be no comparison possible between the rate then to be, and that now in force, either via the Suez, Cape Horn, or Fort Williams." Vancouver has grown from a population of 36,000 in 1905 to 116,000 according to recent statistic.s A half million is generally and confidently predicted within fifteen years.

We of the present day know but little of what was endured by the devoted Christian pioneers in order that they might leave worth-while legacies to future generations. A writer in The Pacific Christian Advocate, of Portland, gives some account of the heroic efforts of Father Wallace, who took the position of financial agent for Willamette University, at Salem, in 1860, and continued until his death in 1872: "It would be impossible to relate all that transpired during those years, but it is an unwritten history of hard toiling and great privation. Many times at the midnight hour he would sit with hands extended over the remaining embers in the old fireplace trying to solve the problems, how he might raise funds to meet the demands of next day, and would finally retire, trusting in God's wisdom to lead him step by step, doubting not but

that some way would be opened whereby all would come right and just claims met. Frequently his family would remonstrate with him, asking why he labored thus. His reply would always be, he was working for future generations and had no time to spare and must not become weary in well doing—must press onward. He never failed at morning and evening devotions to plead for strength, courage and means to carry on this great work, for it seemed a great undertaking at that time—fifty years ago—when Oregon was new. I have heard him remark several times when the walls were being raised that he wanted to feel every brick was laid with a prayer, and in after years, when the University was passing through such perilous times it almost seemed the very walls cried out." We are reminded by this of the privations and sacrifices made by Dr. Cushing Eells that he might have the wherewithal to lay the foundations of Whitman College at Walla Walla, Washington. Although named, as he wished, after Dr. Marcus Whitman, who had large part in the saving of "the Oregon country" to the Republic, this educational institution at Walla Walla will stand ever with those who know the facts as a monument to Cushing Eells, without whom it is not likely it would have been.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

General Booth of the Salvation Army is reported as hopelessly blind, the operation on his eyes failing to restore his sight.

The richest man in Japan is Baron Mitsui who is said to be worth $20,000,000. There are only 7,018 who have property worth as much as $250,000 and upwards. Ten years ago only 441 had property valued at a quarter of a million.

The Roman Catholic Church now has two chapel cars in operation. They have a seating capacity for 74 persons. The first one has been used five years and thereby many have had the services of the Roman faith who otherwise would have been unreached.

President Taft has shown in a special message to congress that the Philippine Islands have actually paid for themselves except as to the increased cost to the army and navy on their account, for the construction thereon of fortifications and naval stations.

In an Eastern rural community of 370 families it was ascertained that the average property valuation was $14,000 a family. This average family spent on itself $771 a year; on schools $13.72; on roads $6.00; on the church $3.18. The Northwestern Christian Advocate asks: "Can we reasonably expect a solution of our rural Church problems so long as there exists a disposition to parcel out the profits of labor on the above basis?"

At the National Forestry convention last week Professor Fairchild of Yale University claimed that the American general property tax is very faulty in theory and in practice, and is unsuited to modern conditions. He regards it as especially unsuited to the taxation of timber lands. What he favors for all growing timber is a tax on the yield when cut. Without putting any hardship on the owner the tax would probably yield a larger revenue than is now obtained.

A twenty per cent advance on all grades of shoes is contemplated. But it may not be quite so much. And if the advance is not made a shoe not so good and durable is to be manufactured at the old price. It is said that many grades for 1912 are not as durable as were the same grades for 1911. Manufacturers are resourceful, and clever expedients are resorted to when the increased cost of material or labor seems to them to be pressing too havily on their profit.

President Van Hise of the University of Wisconsin says in his book, "Concentration and Control," "For many concentrations of industry, patents have been the basis upon which monopoly has been secured." A revision of our patent laws is needed. Many patented articles are sold now at an excessive profit. For example, a linotype machine which has been made for several years at a cost of $750 has been selling for $3,250. And not the inventor, but men of large fortune who financed their manufacture haev profited in the main by the monopoly thus given.

The Bible has been published recently in several new languages or dialects. In the Philippines there is now the Ibanag New Testament. The Old Testament is being brought out in the Panayan dialect, and the Pentateuch in Pampangan and Cebuan is ready for the printer. The Kurdish New Testament is well under way, and revisions are being made in Tagalog, Portuguese, the Wenli and Mandarin in China, Siamese, and Zulu. The total issues for 1911, the ninety-sixth year of the existence of the American Bible Society, amounted to nearly 3,700,000 volumes, most of these being portions and not entire Bibles. Of the latter, however, there were more than 400,000. The total issues of the Society during its ninety-six years reach the gigantic figure of ninety-four million volumes.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

J. Rowell.

Panama in the Ancient Time.

Those who see the Panama of today with its streets paved and sewered, and its dwellings so neat and sanitary, can hardly imagine its condition sixty-five years ago.

The first view as we approached it was bright sheen like the glow from a lighthouse at night. It was the gleam of the sun reflected from the pearl oyster shells bedded in the stucco on the towers of the Cathedral. After a few miles of mule walk, we came to human habitations, scattered bamboo huts, thatched with grass or large leaves of some kind, with black pigs, mangy dogs, hens and naked negro children crowding in the way, all half hidden by low trees and flower covered shrubs, and we asked, "Is this Panama?" The mules pressed steadily on, needing no whip or spur now, for they were near their stable, and soon we came through the wood, and in sight of groups of two-storied buildings of stone, covered with earthen tiles, the upper stories with embrasures for windows, with no glass in them and all so dingy with dirt and moss that they seemed forsaken and friendless. Through these holes for windows we saw olive brown faces of women, evidently, for the mantillas and black hair hanging down their backs told the story, gazing with eager curiosity at the roughly-clad strangers passing by. Among these buildings was a dingy stone church, the doors open and before them a half dozen men in black gowns with long, low, narrow, black hats on their heads, the priests of course. But this was not Pan-

ama. This was the outer parish of Santa Ana. We could not stop to see for the mules pressed on, and soon we came in sight of a long irregular stretch of high stone wall of a dingy yellowish color, looking a hundred years old, and broken with hard usage, with one large opening for our entrance. This was Panama, our destination. The great wooden gates invited us and we went in.

Before us was one long, straight street, reaching for a quarter of a mile to a like opening in the wall on the other side of the city, partly paved with cobble stones and overgrown with grass and weeds two or three feet high, with a single mule path along its center. It looked like a dead city, indeed, yet not a city of the dead, for half or wholly naked men, women and children abounded, of various colors, or rather all shades of black, and all eagerly curious regarding these dirty, ragged, white strangers.

These people seemed to have nothing to do but gaze. There were no business houses, such as we have seen in all other cities, and almost the only business in sight were a few "tiendas," or petty shops, in which were displayed a few trifles, such as bread in little rolls, and bananas and small fruits in meager quantities. If one stopped to think, the first question was, "How do all these wild people live?" Yet they did not look starved. Like the grass and weeds in the streets, they seemed to flourish spontaneously. We saw nowhere any of the class which in most cities are known as business men. The place seemed devoted to still life. Everything human was repellant, except, perhaps, those olive brown women in the upper stories, and they were so dishevelled and untidy as to be anything but attractive. Altogether it was a spectacle of thoroughly lazy life.

We traveled on to what seemed the only public square in the city, a small half acre of paved ground with the "cabilde," or court house, on one side, and on another the Cathedral, as they called it, a rather low two-story yellowish stone building, with two square towers and a spire above, covered with stucco and adorned with those glittering shells of the pearl oysters. The whole building looked sadly out of repair, and the jangling of the cracked bells in the tower was anything but musical.

Going on, we were greatly impressed with the sight of ruined buildings everywhere. It looked as if the city had suffered from bombardment by a hostile fleet. But to describe these ruins would make this article too long.

THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

W. C. Pond.

Those of our Sunday School workers who are so fortunate as not to have been turned aside from the International series of Bible Lessons have been brought in close contact for several Sundays with this phrase: "The Kingdom of Heaven." I wonder how many even of our teachers have arrived at any clear and confident conception of what Jesus meant by it. Judging from my own experience in the beginning of my Bible study, I think that many have, almost without thought or inquiry, accepted it as equivalent to Heaven itself, so that when Christ said to Nicodemus, "except a man be born anew he cannot see," much less can enter into the Kingdom of Heaven, he meant simply that on this condition alone can one go to the abode of the blest above.

With commentators so far as I have seen, the phrase is made to stand for a "perfected social order," or for the dominion, the authority of God in Christ; or for something still more vague and intangible. I have yet to see a definition of it founded on the meaning of the words, or the description of the thing as given by our great Teacher who went forth, and sent his disciples forth, to proclaim the Kingdom of God—or the Kingdom of Heaven—is at hand. (Matt. 4:17; 10:7, Mark 1:15, and in a multitude of other passages)). The only clear and decisive expression which I have seen is that it cannot stand for the Church of Christ.

Let us see. First of all, what does the word "Kingdom" mean? When I studied geography many years ago, it was stated thus, "A country governed by a king." It would have been more accurate if it had read: "A people governed by a king," since it is not the territory but the people who live in it that constitute the kingdom. I am aware that the word which Jesus used had a wider meaning than our word kingdom has; that it is sometimes used for dominion, authority, that in a king constitutes him the head of the kingdom: Kingship we may call it. But see how impossible it is to conceive that it is used in this sense in connection with the word heaven. The dominion of heaven, the authority of heaven: if there is any sense in it at all, it makes an impersonal something, place, society, condition—whatever you think heaven to be; makes it a King, whereas if you translate the word as our translators have always done from Wickliffe to the American revisers, all difficulty vanishes: the Kingdom of Heaven is the Kingdom of God—God is the King and Heaven is the Capital. Just so in every sentence in which this phrase is used, whether it be an illustrative parable or a doctrinal teaching or a pungent appeal, our word kingdom fits well while every other translation calls for a labored explanation, unsuccessful in the end.

The Kingdom of God;—it is, in one view of it, universal and irresistible. "He doeth his will in the army of heaven and among the inhabitants of the earth and none can stay his hand or say unto Him, what doest thou?" But it is manifest that it is not this sort of dominion which is exercised in that Kingdom of which Christ had so much to say. Almost all the descriptions of it presuppose that they alone belong to this kingdom who choose to be in it and are heartily loyal to its King. And the queston is: Where is there on earth such a community, a people of God? Only one answer to this can be given: It is the Church of Christ. This is not saying that there may not be individuals outside the visible church that are thus loyal, or that every church-member in the usual sense of this term is thus loyal. But it is saying that the only community known to us, that by virtue of its vital principles, its intent and work answers to the description given of this Kingdom, is the Church of Christ and this does thus answer exactly. The two are identical.

In its ideal, its broadest extent and deepest reality, this church is already universal. It comprises all who are loyal to its Head whether on earth or in heaven.

> "One army of the living God
> To his command we bow;
> Part of the host have crossed the flood
> And part are crossing now."

This Universal Church, "the Holy Catholic Church" of the Apostles creed, is no mere aggregation of individuals; it is **organized**, invisibly to us, but really, having Christ for its Head and every member of it responsive to him as

the members of our physical bodies are to the will within them.

We feel no difficulty in identifying this spiritual, universal, purified church with the Kingdom of God and of Heaven. It looks grand enough to bear so grand and glorious a name, but when we apply it to our local churches on earth, the title seems too big for them. Even though the church, as you conceive it, be a national organization, or even an international one like the Methodist Episcopal Church, or the Presbyterian Church, it does not seem quite big enough, and certainly not pure enough, to bear the name of the Kingdom of God. How much less a local organization—as, for example, that little company of believers that 39 years ago joined hands and hearts in forming the Bethany Church in San Francisco! They were few: they were feeble in view of men; they were not all true, as we found to our sorrow afterwards. Could that be fitly called Christs' Kingdom—the Kingdom of heaven? But see how Jesus thought about it. Was it small? Hear him say, "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the **Kingdom.**" Was it not altogether pure, an organization into which nothing that defiles could enter? It is the Kingdom of Heaven which Jesus expressly likens to a net cast into the sea and gathering of every kind; and the separation between the bad and the good is not made complete here and now. Was much of the preaching and teaching and other service rendered there apparently unfruitful? The work of the Kingdom of Heaven Christ likens to that of a sower, part of whose seed falls on the wayside and is consumed by the birds, and part on rocky soil where some that springs up soon withers and falls; and part in soil where roots and seeds of thorns abound and springing up choke the word. And as in the Kingdom of Heaven, so in this little church, some seed-sowing brought a harvest rich and large. Is the progress of the church on earth gradual; sometimes invisible; sometimes even backward? So is the Kingdom of Heaven which is said to be under a law of growth, first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear; it is the Kingdom of Heaven that is like a grain of mustard seed, viewed as the smallest of seeds, yet becoming a tree where the birds can build nests; and a true church of Christ, whether small or large, is just like that also. It is like leaven hid in a bushel and more of meal: no one but the woman that hid it making note even of its existence, yet destined to leaven the whole. So, says Jesus, is the Kingdom of God.

There is but one passage known to me that at first thought seems inconsistent with our identifying the church —and even the local church in its own local sphere—with this Kingdom of Heaven. It is in Romans 14:17: "The Kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit." But you have only to study the context to see how true and practical it is in its bearing on even a local church like that to which this epistle was written. Some were saying then as some are saying still, that a church is not a church—not a Kingdom of God—unless in certain externals, eating and drinking then, baptisms and hierarchies now, a schedule of rules were obeyed. Not so, says Paul: the vital thing in a church is not any of these, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Spirit. And this is just as true of the local church today as it was 1800 years ago. Without these it is not the Kingdom of God; with these it is, no matter how obscure and even feeble it may seem to human eyes.

The conditions of admission to a true church are identical with those of admission to the Kingdom of God. "Except a man be born anew," says Jesus; that is, except he receive the new life in Christ, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God; and it is just so with any church true to its name and its King. This is further set forth in the parables of the hid treasure and the pearl of great price, both spoken in describing the Kingdom of Heaven and made thus to be true of the Church of Christ.

Finally, we see how it was that Jesus himself proclaimed, and bade his disciples to proclaim, that this Kingdom of heaven was at hand. It came within three years. It came at Pentecost when the first congregational church in Jerusalem, under the powerful working of the Holy Spirit, sprang into existence. For it is evident that though believers were greatly multiplied—thousands added to thousands day by day—it was no mob. Organization simple but effective took place at once. Above all, Christ was with and in them; and where Christ is, there is the church, which is his body.

The trouble is, as I have intimated, that the name seems too grand for a thing which to the eye of unbelief appears so insignificant as a church. But the real trouble is not in the church if it is loyal to its King, but in our meager estimate of its dignity and value. Man seeth not as God seeth. That little church like the church universal of which it is a type and representative, is "kept as the apple of his eye"—"graven upon the palms of his hands," "his body, the fulfilling of him who filleth all in all."

SOME THOUGHTS CONCERNING THE DEPARTED.

Editor of "The Pacific":

It is said that when Mr. Emerson was once asked if he believed in prayer he replied, "If I saw a man on his knees I would not tell him to get up." This seems to be something of the attitude of the church towards the question which you discuss so ably in your leader of last week.

We are not enjoined to pray for the dead either in the Bible or by the canons of the Protestant Church; neither is the custom at the present time rudely condemned. If we have indeed entered upon a life of prayer, and we naturally and necessarily commend our dear ones to the care of our Heavenly Father—the mother her child, for instance—the removal of that one from our sight does not rob us of our sense of dependence. And, surely, there is no burden that we cannot take to God and leave with filial confidence. We are enjoined to pray for "all mankind." "Some of the host have passed before and some are passing now."

In the Protestant Church it is not the custom to offer these prayers **in public** even on funeral occasions. Such petitions have been omitted in the ritual of the Church of England since 1552. Church biography, however, is rich in examples of noble saints who have followed the **living,** whom the world calls "dead," with earnest prayer, and who have even craved their prayers in return.

May I add one more to the many examples you have already given us? Professor Austin Phelps, of Andover, gave us what will long continue to be a classic upon "The Still Hour." Among his own many prayers was found one written in pencil, while he himself was still tarrying on the borderland: "O Thou who art a friend that seeest in secret, Thou knowest certain private thoughts which I long to say to my father and my mother and my precious boy. Do Thou send some messenger to tell them all that is in my

heart. Give me this as Thy special token of considerate and condescending love. For Jesus' sake."

I prefer such humble prayers as this before any of the modern psychic manifestations that have come to our notice.

While writing of prayer in this larger and more unusual employment, I am reminded of the recent death of a friend, one whom very many had learned greatly to love. I refer to Dr. Henry M. Field. He passed away so peacefully that we almost think of him as still in an adjoining room. He is one of those who when they leave us do not make us think so much of death, certainly, in its more fearful aspects. Like so many who have come to California to pass the evening of life, these last years have been very quiet, as well as happy ones. He was lifted from being a very active servant to become long a waiting servant. He came from an honored family in Boston, was graduated with credit from Harvard University in 1860. Two years ago he was able to meet the few survivors of his class at their fiftieth anniversary in Cambridge. He was long one of the most prominent practitioners in Newton, Mass., and at the same time a professor in the medical faculty of Dartmouth College, as colleague with Professor Peasley and the Crosbies. With declining health he came to this coast, twenty-five years since, and made a beautiful home in Pasadena. He was one of the founders, and for a long time a staunch supporter, with a little band, of the North Church, as he had been for many years a prominent member of the great Eliot Church in Newton. When he removed to Los Angeles he connected himself with Plymouth Church, Rev. J. H. Mallows being his pastor. One could not ask for a more loyal parishioner, and seldom is such sensitiveness united with such practical efficiency. He was Luke and Titus joined in one. Dr. Field seemed to me to answer my ideal of a true Christian gentleman. He had a gentle touch. He was almost a woman in refinement, but strong and brave where truth and honor were at stake. Naturally, he retained his profound reverence for the church and its honored traditions. I well recall his natural reluctance when he was compelled to take the Sunday boat from San Diego. It broke into his life-long and cherished associations of the day. And yet, when a summer resident at Long Beach, amid the conflcit of duties, he did not hesitate to take the long trip to Pasadena that he might be present with his Bible class on Sunday morning. He was a very thoughtful student of the Bible, searching always for the spiritual aliment. Piercing far down below the letter the modern criticism gave him little concern and was often a real help. He rejoiced greatly when some hidden treasure was brought to light. Naturally conservative, but a man of broad culture, he gave hospitable welcome to any new truth in science or theology that could accredit itself.

With so much of other-worldliness, especially, in these later years, and a slight frame that seemed already to have given place to the spiritual body, we are vivedly reminded of Archbishop Trench's beautiful words: "Yet, it may be the saints, departed, intercede, unknown to us, for the victory of truth upon earth; and their prayers above may be as indispensable conditions of that victory as the labors of those who remain among us. They are taken away for some purpose, surely; their gifts are not lost to us; their soaring minds, the fire of their contemplations, the sanctity of their desires, the vigour of their faith, the sweetness and gentleness of their affections were not given without an object."

This letter was begun with the thought of the prayer for the dead in mind. I close with the suggestion that they may not be so very far away; that they may have the clearer knowledge; and the possibility that their intercessions are for us—certainly for "the victory of truth on the earth" which should be our first concern.

Dr. Field, who is now on the other side, and whose life will be a helpful one there as here, is survived by an only son who was a close companion and a great comfort to his father for more than two score years. His wife's death anticipated his by hardly more than a single year.

E. E. P. A.

San Diego.

WORDS FOR UNITY.

The Pasadena Star of Monday, July 22, says: "In introducing Bishop Johnson at the union service held in the Congregational Church last evening, Dr. Fox commented in an impressive manner upon the varied church affiliations of the authors of the hymns in most general use in the churches. From the hymnal which he held in his hand he read the titles of hymns in most common use written by Methodists, Episcopalians, Congregationalists, Roman Catholics and Unitarians, declaring that this in itself spoke well for church unity. He said that he had noticed in an interview on Saturday evening Bishop Johnson had set the date for perfect church unity three hundred years ahead, but he hoped in his address of the evening he would see fit to clip off a few centuries.

"Bishop Johnson answered by saying that when Dr. Fox had heard what his ideal really was, he might instead shove it ahead three or four hundred years. He spoke to a large audience and was listened to with a tense interest that indicated how deeply the educated layman is thinking along the obliterating of denominational lines.

"Bishop Johnson spoke of the apathy prevalent until a few years ago in regard to church unity, emphasizing the change which came over the Christian consciousness of the day. The work of bringing the churches into unity of purpose, he stated, was one of great possibilities and great difficulties. He spoke of the federation idea as exemplified in Los Angeles, but criticised such an organization as being powerless to give much practical help, although commending its platform and ideals.

"'We emphasize the superficial fracture,' said the speaker. 'We have no right to think of the church's real unity as broken. Christ's body cannot be divided.'

"The fact that sects and denominations arose through devotion to a principle was brought out by the speaker, and he admitted the value of strong support of belief while deploring the evil brought by division.

"The Pauline conception of the church as an indivisible body was stated by Bishop Johnson as the ideal conception which Christian leaders should preach today. A united Christendom in visible form, he said, would be a powerful instrument for dealing with evils in modern communities. He outlined a number of necessary features for the united church. These may be summarized as follows:

"The united church must be an inclusive institution and world-wide in taking into its fold all who will listen to the message; it must be inclusive as to method, able, willing and anxious to use any method which has ever been helpful to a soul, not depending upon any form of uniform worship; it must be hospitable to the thinkers of the world, assum-

ing that the thinkers of the race are the greatest benefactors of the world.

"Each church, said the speaker, should face its own past, acknowledging those things which have not been for the good of the whole and preparing to accept the best in the mental atmosphere created by honestly facing the past. Close spiritual touch with each other is also necessary, said Bishop Johnson, before forming a united church. It will be a difficult matter, but an indispensable one. When the past has been honestly judged and the other man's viewpoint recognized, then, said the speaker, will be the opportunity for the great united church, embracing all followers of the Christian religion and hospitable to all, working in unity for the greatest god of the world."

A MORE DETAILED ACCOUNT OF THE VACATION RELIGIOUS DAY SCHOOL IN LOS ANGELES

A Vacation Religious Day School was held from July 8th to 19th at the First Congregational Church, Los Angeles. It was open to the children of all denominations. The teaching force also represented various denominations.

The pupils were assigned to three departments, primary, junior and high school. The courses offered were so selected that no pupil repeated the work of his own Sunday school.

The primary course was based chiefly on the University of Chicago publications: the Junior department, on the Junior Bible in the completely graded series published by Scribners. Both the Old Testament and New Testament courses were taken up. A period for memory drill and one for note book work were provided, the lesson being presented in story form. Mr. Stephani Schultze, a well known contributor to St. Nicholas and other juvenile magazines and popular as the story teller in the Public Library, told both series of stories.

The High School courses were based on Jefferson's "Character of Jesus" and "The Heroes in the Faith" in the completely graded series by Scribners.

Aside from the story hours, the most interesting was the hand work conducted for both High School and Junior Departments, by Chas. M. Miller, Assistant Supervisor of Manual Work of the Los Angeles public schools. The principal features of his work were the sand map of Palestine, 20x30 feet, on a vertical scale of two inches to a thousand feet: a cement metal map of Jerusalem and its environs and a set of electrical maps of Palestine. For the latter, blank outline maps were used, mounted on heavy cardboard, a brass post being inserted at the principal points, the names of the places being entered alphabetically at the margin opposite another set of brass posts connected by wire underneath the map with the posts corresponding to those names. One pole of an electric bell system, was placed by the teacher on the margin and the pupil was required to touch the other pole to the post in the map representing that place. If correctly placed the bell would ring.

The information gained regarding the geography of Palestine during these two weeks was marvelous.

Suitable certificates were presented at the closing exercies to those whose work deserved special credit.

The interest felt by the pupils in the work may be indicated by the large number of requests that the school be continued another week or two. One boy said to his mother, "I would rather go to the vacation school two weeks more than to go to the beach." The mother of one of the high school girls exclaimed, "I never saw anything like it. My girl studies her Bible as she would a Latin Grammar." On more than one occasion the teachers were obliged to send pupils away from their work to the playgrounds during recess and noon intermission.

Athletics were conducted under a trained leader each afternoon on the new church playgrounds.

While the registration was small a large number of visitors attended the sessions and unanimously reported the enterprise thoroughly worth while.

Among the Churches.

San Francisco, Bethany.—Two persons were welcomed into fellowship at the last communion service.

Los Angeles, West End.—At the last communion service four persons were received to membership, making the membership 77 over against 48 a year and a half ago.

Oakland, Pilgrim.—The pulpit will be occupied next Sunday morning by the Rev. R. W. Rogers of San Francisco. Sunday, August the 11th, the Rev. Ernest E. Youtz of New Haven, Connecticut, will enter on a two months' supply.

Glendale,—Rev. E. H. Willisford, pastor. The first service July 7 in the new building was well attended. Three young children were baptized. On the 14th the right hand of fellowship was given to twelve persons, ten of whom were adults.

San Francisco, First.—There was a large attendance at both the morning and the evening service, and two excellent sermons by the Rev. Robert Walker who comes to take up the work of the Green street field the first of September. Mr. Walker will fill the pulpit four more Sundays. Dr. Aked was at Ogden last week, giving Chautauqua addresses. Accompanied by Mrs. Aked he goes this week to the Klamath Lake country for a rest of several weeks.

Los Angeles, First.—July 21, the forty-fifth anniversary of this church, was a notable day with us. Dr. Wm. Horace Day preached the sermon, most suitable for the day, and one to reprove, instruct and enthuse. All who had been members of this church twenty-five years and over were seated together. According to Dr. Day's custom on special occasions, all joined in the Prayer of General Confession from the Episcopal Prayer Book. A thank offering of $500 was taken after the sermon. In the evening Dr. Day gave an illustrated address on "No mean City," contrasting the Los Angeles of the Civil War and today. The last two pictures showing the aqueduct and the Owens river in the mountains were used to enforce the spiritual work before us and the source from which the help for that work must come. After the sermon all united in the Prayer for the Church, also from the Prayer Book. After this Dean William McCormack, D. D., of the Pro-Cathedral Church and president of the Los Angeles Church Federation, gave us a witty and friendly talk. At the close he made a strong point on the necessity for perfect union between the churches if they would accomplish the great work given them for this city.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The ministers of San Francisco and vicinity listened last Monday to a fine address by the Rev. Robert Walker, drawn out of his experiences during many years of missionary work among the Italians in Italy. Next Monday the Rev. Edward Walker, recently from New Zealand, will speak on the social conditions in that country.

The Rev. Chester Ferris of Corona was at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday. During a five weeks' vacation he has visited in Victoria, Vancouver, Seattle, Tacoma, Sacramento, San Francisco and Petaluma. The last two Sundays Mr. Ferris occupied the pulpit of the First Congregational Church of San Jose.

A few friends about the bay had a glimpse of the Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks of Walla Walla, Washington, a few days ago, who stopped in Oakland a short time on his way home from a brief visit with his father and other relatives in Los Angeles. Soon after reaching Walla Walla, Dr. Brooks, accompanied by Mrs. Brooks, will go for several weeks to the summer home of friends in the mountains of Idaho.

DOUBLE ORDINATION IN PASADENA.

On June 25th a council met at the Lake Avenue Church in Pasadena to ordain two young men, one, Paul B. Waterhouse, to the foreign mission field, and the other, Fenwicke L. Holmes, to the work of the pastorate. The Letter Missive was read by Rev. Warren F. Day. Rev. D. D. Hill was made moderator and Rev. G. M. Morrison scribe. The examination of the candidates was thoroughly satisfactory and the vote to ordain unanimous. Both men are from Hartford Seminary. A pleasant note was given the proceedings by the presence at the council and participation in its work of Rev. Jerome C. Holmes, one of the five men ordained at Salem recently and set apart for foreign work.

At the public service in the evening he sermon was preached by Rev. Ralph B. Larkin, the other parts being by Rev. Mesrs. Wm. Davies, J. M. Schaefle, Jerome C. Holmes, James A. Lash, John L. Maile and D. F. Fox.

CORONA CELEBRATES QUARTER-CENTENARY.

June twenty-third and twenty-fourth were days of rejoicing in the Corona church as it recounted the twenty-five years of its course. In the morning the pastor gave a historical sketch. Reminiscence also occupied the field in an afternoon session when former pastors, Wolcott and Jewell, spoke of their years here, and Supt. H. P. Case recounted his early glimpses of the Sunday school. There was celebrated the Lord's Supper and eight new members were received. In the evening spirited addresses were given by Dr. Warren F. Day and Supt. Ralph B. Larkin. With a number of old time members and friends present from out of town, this was a day of grand fellowship and inspiration.

The next day with the Brotherhood in charge of transportation, a large number joined in the annual picnic at delightful Fairmont Park, Riverside. Simplicity marked the method and program of both days. Yet they realized a high tide of friendship and congratulation.

Ours was the first church to enter Corona. Not many months had elapsed when the strong denominational consciousness prompted ten of the twelve charter members to withdraw to form the Methodist church. Thus the second minister had but two members to welcome him and must build as from the beginning.

There have been but five pastors: Rev. Horace Houlding, now in an independent mission in China; Rev. W. H. Wolcott, now in Long Beach; Rev. J. S. Jewell, at Claremont; Rev. W. N. Burr at La Canada; and the present pastor, Rev. Chester Ferris who has served since April 1 1907.

To an unusual degree even for the changeable West, the membership has been cosmopolitan. On the charter list none were Congregationalists, and at no time have they comprised more than a minority. Especially have the Presbyterians freely joining with us furnished a loyal and hearty contingent. Yet it is truly a Congregational church, free-spoken, progressive, generous to its own and the wider work and to its city.

Of late years with the rapid development of Corona the growth has been rapid and strong. During the last five years the membership has nearly doubled, reaching with the accessions at the jubilee, the total of 230. This number means the more when it is noted that only 87 of the present list was enrolled when the present pastor came. In their new building, beautiful, spacious, planned for all phases of service, and seldom equalled in a little city of 4000, the pastor and congregation view the future as bright with promise.

AN ANNIVERSARY NOTED IN WASHINGTON.

Sixty Years A Member Of A Congregational Church

At a recent Thursday evening meeting at Plymouth Church, Seattle, the pastor, Dr. Francis V. Van Horn, mentioned the fact that July was the 60th anniversary of the active membership in the Congregational Church of the Rev. Dr. Samuel Greene; for, while he made application to the Westborough, Massachusetts Church for membership earlier than this, the good deacons of the Prudential committee were so conservative in those days that they asked for delay for further consideration. This in face of the fact that his grandfather, Jeremiah Evarts, Father of Ex. Secretary of State and Senator William M. Evarts, was the first Secretary of the American Board; and Dr. Greene's father and Dr. Rufus Anderson were joint Secretaries from 1829 to 1849 of the Board. (Dr. Greene is also a cousin of the late Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts.) The history of Dr. Samuel Greene is the history of the progress of Congregationalism in the West. In calling on Dr. Greene, his pastor asked for a history of these years and Dr. Greene mentioned the following churches with which he had been connected: Starting with his confession and reception at Westborough, Mass., then came Windsor, Vt., Muscatine, Ia., First Congl. of St. Louis, Evanston and Chicago, Ill., Plymouth of Seattle when it had 25 members; then pastor of White River (now Christopher, Wash.), then the organization of Houghton (now Kirkland), then to Taylor Memorial until it was disbanded, then back to Plymouth where he and his good wife are now honored and useful members. The history of Dr. Greene's work in Washington as State Superintendent of the Sunday School and Publishing Society and pastor is almost a history of Congregationalism in the State. For the churches he has not assisted in pulling through or in organizing are few.

This is a noted family of men: a grandfather as the first Foreign Board Secty.; a father as an early Secretary, and one of the brothers, Dr. Daniel Crosby Greene, the

noted Missionary to Japan, and the other brother "a Wet Congregationalist." By this do not understand that he would "line up" politically with the "wets," but Ex. Chief Justice Rodger Sherman Greene is a good "Congregational Baptist. This may be explained perhaps by his being the tallest of the brothers and so he was better able to "wade in." I remember the memorable occasion when the three brothers,, Judge Rodger S. Greene, Samuel Greene and David Crosby Greene jointly occupied Plymouth pulpit at the time Dr. David Crosby Greene was on a visit from his field in Japan.

In addition to all this Congregational ancestry and history, Dr. Greene was baptized by the father of Dr. Lyman Abbott. The Elliott Memorial, by Dr. A. C. Thompson, is a family record and memorial of which the Greene brothers are justly proud.

Dr. Samuel Greene, a few years ago, made the journey to the Orient to visit his brother and visited Dr. Arthur Smith and our Plymouth missionaries in China: Rev. and Mrs. Ellis (who are now on a visit to Plymouth and home) and others. Previous to his (Dr. Samuel Greene's) departure, a number of his friends in Plymouth presented him with several volumes on the Oriental Life as a slight personal token and appreciation of the good work accomplished by him in his long and useful life. May he have many more years to enjoy a richly earned vacation, and aid in ways manifold as he continues to do our church work in Washington!

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Rev. Herbert G. Crocker, who has been the pastor of the Atkinson Memorial Church since its organization, March 5, 1911—in fact he began work at this point several months before—has resigned, to take effect within a month. He will go to farming in the vicinity of Newberg, Yamhill county. Considerations of health for his wife and little boy have seemed to make this step necessary.

There is to be a Congregational rally next Wednesday evening at the German Congregational Church. This church has an excellent choir, and sing with great spirit, if not to the understanding of the English-speaking attendants. (But may that not be said about a great many of the average choirs of English-speaking churches of today?) Addresses will be made in English by Dr. Luther R. Dyott, of the First Church, Dr. William C. Kantner, of the University Park Church, and in German by Dr. John J. Staub, of the Sunnyside Church, and Dr. Johannes H. Hopp, of the German Church.

At the communion service, the first Sunday in this month, six new members were received by the First Church—four on confession of faith and two by letter.

Dr. Dyott of the First Church will take his annual vacation in the month of August. While he will be absent from the pulpit, he proposes to be in easy reach of all who may need his services in cases of sickness or bereavement. The pulpit will be supplied for the month as follows: August 4 and 11, the Rev. J. Lee Mitchell, D. D., Attleboro, Mass.; August 18, the Rev. J. K. Greene, D. D., of Turkey, a distinguished missionary of the American Board; August 25, Rev. Elwin L. House, D. D., a former pastor.

Portland, July 28, 1912.

CALIFORNIA PASTORS TAKE NOTE.

Because a large number of the Weekly Rest Day petitions sent to 1200 pastors of ten denominations were not returned, the Committee is compelled to secure a supplemental petition for which the law provides. We need at least 20,000 more names. Those who did not use the petitions sent to them the middle of June can have them signed and forwarded according to the printed directions by or before August 26th. Additional copies are being mailed in large envelopes with the office return stamp on them. Those who have not received any can order them from the address below.

Pastors are busy men. but can you not afford time to appoint one or more canvassers in your congregation? No class of men will be helped more in their work as the result of this law. Will not the brethren read the bill and the directions sent with it and coopoerate with the committees according to said directions? We learn that the people are anxious to sign if they can have the opportunity. Pastors who are away on their vacation can doubtless find means to have the petitions which have been sent to their homes placed in the hands of canvassers who will use them. One such obtained 150 signatures in two days while he was on the sick list.

Weekly Rest Day League,
1567 LeRoy Ave., Berkeley, Cal.

A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE TO PROFESSOR CASTOR

Professor George D. Castor, Ph. D., who was drowned recently in Lake county, was known in this region as a scholar and teacher, but I have enjoyed the great privilege of his warm friendship since the fall of 1895 when we both entered Drury College, Springfield, Missouri; and I desire to add to what has been said about him the tribute of a grateful friend. From the very beginning of our acquaintance he proved himself a true and valuable friend to me. He was one of the two or three best classical students in the whole college and he did much toward helping me to learn how to study, a service for which I am more and more thankful as the years go by. Then the general spirit of his life, his intellectual honesty and thoroughness, his moral integrity and sincerity, was often a special inspiration and benediction to me.

After college days I saw him several times while he was teaching and later while he was pursuing his theological studies, and knew of the brilliant record he was making. When I heard that he had been called to Pacific Seminary, I was glad and immediately wrote him to that effect. One of the first things I did when I returned to California two years ago was to look him up and since then we have often been together. He was to have preached for me on the Sabbath after his death, not simply because he was my friend, but because the people wanted to have him, having heard him before.

Though his life was short, it was pure and honest and useful, and though I sorrow deeply in his death, I rejoice greatly in having had him as a friend.

HERBERT E. HAYS.
Pastor Centennial Presbyterian Church,
Oakland, California.

FIELD NOTES

By Rev. Huber Burr.

Not so very far "afield" either! Cross the bay from the metropolis. Take a short trolley trip within the city of Oakland; get off at what used to be Fitchburg, where our Grace Church is located, and you will be in the midst of a parish which is full of interest and rich in possibilities. Not a new enterprise! In fact it is so old as to have "swarmed," and our new "Boulevard" Church, a few miles distant, is establishing itself in that part of the community and expecting soon to have an adequate house of worship.

For a time it was feared that the "swarm" would sap the the life of the old institution. This "note" is sounded now to reveal our ungrounded fears. And it is a note of harmony and progress. This owing to former foundations; co-operation of capable membership; a live-wire Sunday school superintendent; and the untiring energy of the student-pastor, just now resigning, Mr. V. E. Marriott.

The progress has not been too general for tabulation. Here it is, just the little we have been able to learn by chance:

A Sunday-school atendance with a steady growth limited only by the lack of room and teachers! An attendance at the Christian Endeavor meeting of over forty earnest young people! A complete census of the entire parish, with comprehensive record of residents addresses, church preferences, etc., secured by the personal work of the pastor, and ready to place in the hands of the new pastor.

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Now for a far fly—in air ship? That were more direct; but at present the Western Pacific furnishes the more desirable service for the land-lubber—up the enchanting canyon of the Feather River into the Sierras in Plumas county. Alight in the morning, on a steep mountain side, at the station of Clio, and look out over a beautiful little valley hundreds of feet below dotted with ranch houses of pretentious dimensions and indicative of prosperity. Scramble down the dusty "trail" to the old town where nature alone has seemed to care to beautify; shrug your shoulders and pass on across the river into the beautiful country beyond. The flag—the stars and stripes—shows the destination. It floats over the little school house, a mile distant, in which we have organized, and re-organized (and then again, and again) a Sunday-school—all at considerable expense of time and money. And now we have just done it again! Is it a waste of effort? Judge ye. Our Sunday-school sessions held one year ago were the last religious services of any kind held in the valley during the next twelve months! Think of it! And shrug your shoulders again! And the rejoice that we can go back again as we have just done, and re-organize; hold some special meetings—one in the twon, over a saloon—and for one month minister to those to whom such ministry is so largely denied. Though no Congregational church may ever grow out of such a work, who that knows such fields can say other than that it pays, and pays big?

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom,
Carry some gladness the world to illume.

"To wish for anything that is unattainable is worthless."

"Be content with the day as it is; look for the good in everything."

Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you!

The Home.

GOD BLESS YOU!

I seek in prayerful words, dear friend,
My heart's true wish to send you,
That you may know that, far or near,
My loving thoughts attend you.

I cannot find a truer word,
Nor fonder to caress you,
Nor song nor poem I have heard
Is sweeter than God bless you!

God bless you! So I've wished you all
Of brightness life possesses;
For can there any joy at all
Be thine, unless God blesses?

God bless you! So I breathe a charm,
Lest grief's dark night oppose you!
For how can sorrow bring you harm,
If 'tis God's way to bless you?

And so, "through all thy days
May shadows touch thee never"—
But this alone—God bless thee, dear—
Then art thou safe forever.

HOW TO PREVENT A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN.

The relation of overwork and fatigue to nervous prostration is often a matter of anxiety to the prospective victim and of perplexity to the physician. Dr. Edward Livingston Hunt, who is instructor in neurology at Columbia University, read a paper recently to a public health education committee in New York, a portion of which we give here:

"The danger signals which foretell a nervous breakdown are irritability, fault finding, and peevishness. The patient becomes suspicious and introspective. His work is done with less care and greater friction; it goes slower and its character deteriorates. The power to concentrate is diminished. He complains of headache, giddiness, and dyspepsia. Fears and anxieties appear; confusion and indecision complete the picture."

Continuing, Dr. Hunt says: "Nervous prostration teaches us many things. It teaches us that we do not come into this world equal, that our attainments are not the same, and that as we advance our development is not similar; it teaches us that each man is a law unto himself; it teaches us that in many our ambitions must have limitations; it teaches us that if we become prodigal of our nervous energy we shall pay and pay heavily; finally, it teaches us that we must have regard for the laws of physiology and reason.

"Nervous prostration is an overdraft. It means that you have strained the nervous cells, not to the limit, but beyond the limit. It means that you have pulled the walls of the physical house down about your head. It means panic. As the system is intimately and closely allied to every other structure of the body, it means that the ruin is widespread and the symptoms legion.

Overwork Our Great Excess.

"The great excess of the present generation is overwork. In this respect without doubt America leads all nations. Mills found that the average length of life in 105 overworked American public men was only 58, whereas in an even larger number of members of Parliament the average was sixty-eight. The American is apt to have completed his work before the Englishman begins to reap his reward.

"Women are equally as susceptible to overwork as men. It is by no means an uncommon thing here in New York to hear women say that they have no time to accomplish all that they wish. Their varieties of interest are great and their undertakings far exceed their nervous strength. Women are more apt to feel the effects of their overwork than men, partly because they possess more susceptible and more delicate temperaments, and partly because they are more apt to neglect food and exercise. The society woman rarely exercises enough, the working woman rarely eats enough, neither gets enough air and outdoor life.

"Overwork was considered a virtue; now it is known to be a vice. It is recognized as a debauch — one to be shunned equally with those of alcohol, of opium, of meat, and of excessive pleasure. It is just as ferocious; it brings in its train just as many ills. Overwork is contagious. The very air of New York breathes and burns overwork. The wife of an overworked man is very apt to be driven from sheer lack of occupation and companionship into undertaking more and greater problems than are compatible with her strength. The high cost of living, the desire to emulate one's neighbors, and the wish for luxuries beyond their grasp are important factors in bringing about overwork in both the sexes. The hold which pleasure has on many precipitates overwork. The woman who is a bread-winner feels the need of relaxation and pleasure. To obtain it she has to make unusual and undue demands upon her strength. This is a form of overwork.

The Housewife's Problem.

"The woman who, in addition to her regular duties as the head of a modern New York house and the mother of several children, undertakes to keep up a large acquaintance, to join card parties, to do some studying, and then entertain and be entertained, is approaching the line of overwork. The home is a place of rest and relaxation much more to the man than the woman. He is constantly shielded; she is constantly the shield. Few women realize this, and therefore few systematically arrange or find it possible to arrange to rest at a time when it is most beneficial and most lasting. To rest, one must be free from cares, interruptions, and noises.

"Overwork injures not only the nervous system but also the physical. The overworked brain is flushed with blood. the blood vessels are distended, and the delicate arteries continually and constantly are put to their utmost. The artery is injured and in time there develops that bete noir of the middle-aged man—end-arteritis or what you call a thickening of the arteries. From this result, as you know, depression, anxiety, melancholy, and a host of phobias.

"There is a tendency in the schools to overwork. Children are driven. Few principals ever consider this; how can a class of twenty boys do the same amount of work when half claim their parentage from the peasant stock and half from overworked fathers? So then avoid overwork. Find the number of foot pounds that you can raise and don't raise one more. Get your gauge.

"There is a form of overwork, exceedingly common and exceedingly disastrous—one which equally accompanies great intellectual labors and minor tasks. I allude to worry. When we medical men speak of the workings of the brain we make use of a term both expressive and characteristic. It is to cerebrate. To cerebrate means to think, to reason, and to reach conclusions; it means to concentrate and to work hard. To think, then, is to cerebrate, and to worry is to cerebrate intensely.

The Effects of Worry.

"Worry is overwork of the most disastrous kind; it means to drive the mental machinery at an unreasonable rate. Worry gives the brain no rest, but rather keeps the delicate cells in constant and continuous action. Work is wear; worry is tear. Overwork, mental strain, and worry lead to a diminution of nerve force and to a prostration of the vital forces and cause a degeneracy of the blood vessels of the brain.

"Exhaustion, another name for fatigue, may show itself either in the form of physical collapse, so that the patient lacks resistance, and, becoming anemic and run down, falls a prey to any and every little ailment, or in the form of mental collapse. An exhausted brain then gives way to depression, to fears, and to anxiety.

"The vast majority of nervous breakdowns are avoidable; they are the result of our own excesses and of the disregard which we show toward the ordinary laws of health and hygiene; they are the results of the tremendous demands which are made upon us by modern life; they are the results of the strenuous life.

"We should follow strictly the rules of health. Exercise, baths, and fresh air should be just as important as simple and good food. We should strive to expend as little energy as possible. We should avoid large public assemblages, where the air is bad and the crowds weary us. We should not always strive and struggle to do something different. We should cultivate contentment.

"When you are thoroughly tired and begin to feel that peculiar sense of lassitude and exhaustion creep over you, then is the time to have a change of work. I have known men who could work for a very long time so long as they constantly changed the character of their work. Give one set of cells a rest and utilize another. Have a variety of interests, keep abreast of the times, know a little about politics, art, and books. Have a hobby. Every one should have some one thing in which he can interest himself and to which he can turn—some channel in which he can divert his energy, so that he can free it from the well-worn path of the daily labor.

"The tendency of the business and professional men of the present day is too narrow. Their interests are too largely centered on their own advancement, with a total disregard of everything else and everybody else.

The Value of Exercise.

"When you are tired, when you are weary, and when things have gone wrong don't lie down with a book which you think you are reading and enjoying, but get out in the fresh air, under the blue sky, play a game of tennis, ride a horse, or take a long walk. You will return refreshed, invigorated, and with renewed energy. Exercise makes energy. Oxygen gives force.

"Never let your brain rehearse the mistakes and failures of the day. In the language of the nursery, don't cry over spilled milk.

"Women should realize the importance of being out in the fresh air. Man from the nature of his life has to go out every morning and to take a certain amount of exercise. Women do not get out enough and do not exercise

enough. Every woman should make it a rule to walk two miles daily. The seamstress, the school teacher, and the ship girl specially need long walks, good food, and fresh air.

"Learn to sleep. Both men and women should spend more time in bed. Here in New York we do not sleep enough. There is nothing that will repair tired and jaded nerves quicker and more lastingly than a long, unbroken sleep. I have known patients who complained of irrtiability, brain fag, and exhaustion, who, when put to bed, would sleep almost continuously for three or four days and nights. Sleep is of great value; it starts us anew, it supplies energy, it winds up the physical clock. It is a panacea for all ills. There is no greater remedy for worry than this same sleep.

"Avoid alcohol. It doesn't stimulate, it depresses. Avoid fatigue. It, too, depresses. Avoid large public assemblages. The air is bad and contact wtih great numbers is great wear.

"Don't overeat, and above all don't overeat meat. If you wish to eat a great deal of meat then you must take a great deal of exercise. Earn your roast beef.

"Don't hurry. Don't worry. As Dr. Mitchell puts it admirably in his novel, the 'Red City,' 'Learn the lesson of the midyears of life—to be of all thought the despot.'"

THE WOMAN WHO UNDERSTANDS.

Somewhere she waits to make you win
  Your soul in her firm white hands—
Somewhere the gods have made for you
  The woman who understands.

As the tide went out she found him
  Lashed to a spar of despair—
The wreck of his ship around him,
  The wreck of his dreams in the air—
Found him and loved him, and gathered
  The soul of him to her heart;
The soul that had sailed an uncharted sea—
The soul that had thought to win and be free—
  The soul of which she was part;
And there in the dusk she cried to the man:
"Win your battle—you can—you can."

Helping and loving and guiding—
  Urging when that was best—
Holding her fears in hiding
  Deep in her quiet breast—
This is the woman who kept him
  True to his standards lost,
When tossed in the storm and stress and strife,
He thought himself through with the game of life
  And ready to pay the cost,
Watching and guarding and whispering still,
  "Win—you can—and I know you will."

This is the story of ages—
  This is the woman's way—
  Lifting us day by day—
Facing all things with courage
  Nothing can daunt or dim;
Treading life's path wherever it leads—
Lined with flowers or choked with weeds,
  But ever with him—with him.
Guardian, comrade, and Golden Spur,
The men who win are helped by her.

Somewhere she waits, strong in belief,
  Your soul in her firm white hands;
Thank well the gods when she comes to you—
  The woman who understands.

—J. Appleton.

WHAT THE DRUG HABIT MEANS

(From Charles B. Towns' "The Peril Of The Drug Habit" In The August Century.)

Whether a man has acquired the habit knowingly or unknowingly, its action is always the same. No matter how conscientiously he wishes to discharge his affairs, the drug at once begins to loosen his sense of moral obligation, until in the end it brings about absolute irresponsibility. Avoidance and neglect of customary duties, evasion of new ones, extraordinary resourcefulness in the discovery of the line of least resistance, and finally amazing cunning and treachery, this is the invetiable history.

The drug habit is no respecter of persons. I have had under my care exemplary mothers and wives who became indifferent to their families; clergymen of known sincerity and fervor who became shoplifters and forgers; shrewd, successful business men who became paupers, because the habit left them at the mercy of sharpers after mental deterioration had set in.

There is a sketch for older readers of St. Nicholas in the August number—a narrative of the noble life and splendid work of that English hero of whom Sir William Butler said: "Absolutely without parallel in our modern life, Charles George Gordon stands out the foremost man of action of our time." Additional interest attaches to the sketch when it is known that the Author Hamilton Fish Armstrong, was still a lad in school when he wrote the article.

Our Young People

THE DAYS.

Never a day is lost, dear,
  If at night you can truly say
You've done one kindly deed, dear,
  Or smoothed some rugged way.

Never a day is dark, dear,
  Where the sunshine of home may fall
And where the sweet home voices
  May answer when you call.

Never a day is sad, dear,
  If it brings at set of sun
A kiss from mother's lips, dear,
  And a thought of work well done.

PAPA'S TRUE STORY.

"O papa, papa, tell us a story!" cried little Mary and Emma, running up to their father, who had seated himself upon the porch and was about to read the evening paper.

"Tell us a true story," said Emma, the little four-year-old, as she climbed up on her papa's knee.

Papa could not resist this appeal, so he laid down his paper and began as follows: "Once upon a time there was a live toad who had but three legs, having lost one of his hind legs."

"Was it shot off in the war?" asked Emma.

"I do not know how he lost it," said papa. "He may have lost it in a battle with a snake. All I know is that he had but one hind leg, and that in jumping over the ground he reminded one very much of a crippled soldier. This old toad, being thus crippled, was put to many shifts in order to get his daily bread."

"Toads don't eat bread, do they?" asked Mary.

"I mean flies, bugs, and such things," said papa, "which take the place of bread with toads. He had to use his wits so much that he soon came to be very wise. He used to hide under a leaf or a bunch of grass, and by pouncing upon unwary flies he was able to get quite a good living. One day he hobbled into a garden and squatted under a cabbage leaf, hoping to catch a nice, large bug for his dinner. But he was very tired, and before long he was fast asleep. When he awoke, it was quite dark. 'O dear!' said he. 'I have overslept myself. How hungry I am! I wonder if I can find a bug in the dark.' So saying, he began to hop along, when down he went into a pool of muddy water. He sank to the bottom; but by kicking lustily he soon got his head above the water. Then he swam around, trying to find something to rest upon. At last he came upon a little hummock of earth in the middle of the pool, and there he sat and waited for morning. When morning came the toad found that he was in a great square pit half full of water. It was a pit that had been dug by the gardener in making an asparagus bed. The poor toad had to sit there all of that day and the following night without a bite to eat. Early the next day he was delighted to see two little girls come into the garden. 'Now I shall be helped out,' thought he. 'Those dear little girls will be my friends.' They were both dressed in white jackets with brown sashes, and had on their heads chip hats trimmed with brown."

"O papa," said Emma, "that is just the way Mary and I dress!"

Papa went on without making any reply. "When the little girls came to the pit, the older one cried out: 'Oh, look at that old toad sitting in the water!' 'Let us throw dirt at him,' said the smaller. So both little girls threw dirt and sticks at the toad, which raised such waves around him that he was in danger of being washed off. 'O dear!' said the toad. 'Who would have thought that those little girls would be so cruel?' Just then a big piece of dirt struck the poor toad upon the head and laid him sprawling on his back in the water. When the toad had recovered from the blow and had crawled back to his resting place he noticed a man with a hoe on his shoulder approach the pit. 'O dear!' said the toad. 'Here comes a great, rough man. Now I shall certainly be killed.' But the man put his hoe under the toad, lifted him carefully out of the pit, and laid him upon the dry grass. 'Well, I never!' said the toad. 'Who would have thought it? One can't always judge by appearances.'"

Emma hung her head, and Mary giggled nervously.

"Do you know what little girls those were?" asked papa.

"I didn't know the toad felt so bad when I threw at him," said Emma, the tears starting in her eyes.

"No," said papa. "But you will be more thoughtful the next time, I am sure."

This was papa's true story.—The Nursery.

WHAT MADE THE DIFFERENCE.

The new boy was sitting on a big stone post at the foot of his driveway, when Peter drove the cows to pasture.

"Hallo!" drawled Peter, as he walked slowly by.

"Hallo!" said the new boy, pleasantly. "Come fishin', will you?"

"Can't," drawled Peter. "I've got to work! Wish I was you," he said enviously, "and didn't have nothing to do but go fishin', an' sit on a post an' let my feet hang down."

The new boy laughed. "We have cows," he said, shortly; "a whole dozen of them."

"But you don't have to drive them to pasture," declared Peter.

"Don't I?" said the new boy. "I take them away down to Mr. Lane's pasture every morning 'fore breakfast."

Peter eyed him curiously from top to toe. "Well, you're a queer one," he said. "But perhaps, if I only had the cows to drive, I'd get up early, too."

The new boy laughed again. "We've got hens," he said, quickly, "an' chickens an' pigs an' horses, same as you. I guess what makes the difference 'tween you an' me is 'cause you don't do your work by my grandma's rule. I've found it a good one."

"Seeing I never heard of it, I guess I don't," replied Peter, with a grin. "Supposing you tell it to a feller."

"I 'most know that you've heard it," said the new boy, "only you've forgotten. It's 'work while you work, an' play while you play!' An' I tell you, it's a fine one."

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed Peter. "That's a dandy rule, isn't it? Maybe it does for you, but when a poor feller has to work all the time, same as I do, why, then it's only 'work while you work,' and never any time to 'play while you play,' at all."

"Are you working now?" said the new boy, with a smile.

"Not 'zactly," answered Peter, becoming interested in the new boy.

"An' you're not playin', are you?" he inquired.

"Then you're doing nothing," declared the new boy.

"Same as you be," said Peter, crossly. He knew that he was lazy, but he didn't enjoy being told about it one single bit.

The new boy jumped down from the post in a hurry. "You're right," he said, with a laugh. "Supposing you let me drive your cows while you run home an' do the rest of your work. An' supopseing you an' I go into partnership, an' take my grandma's rule for our motto. An' then every morning, after we get our chores done, supposing we go fishin'!"

Peter looked at him in surprise, and then he said earnestly, "Shake on it!"

And, oh, dear me, weren't those fishes sorry there was ever such a partnership formed!—Youth's Companion.

The rose saith in the dewy morn,
I am most fair;
Yet all my loveliness is born
Upon a thorn.

—Christina G. Rossetti.

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